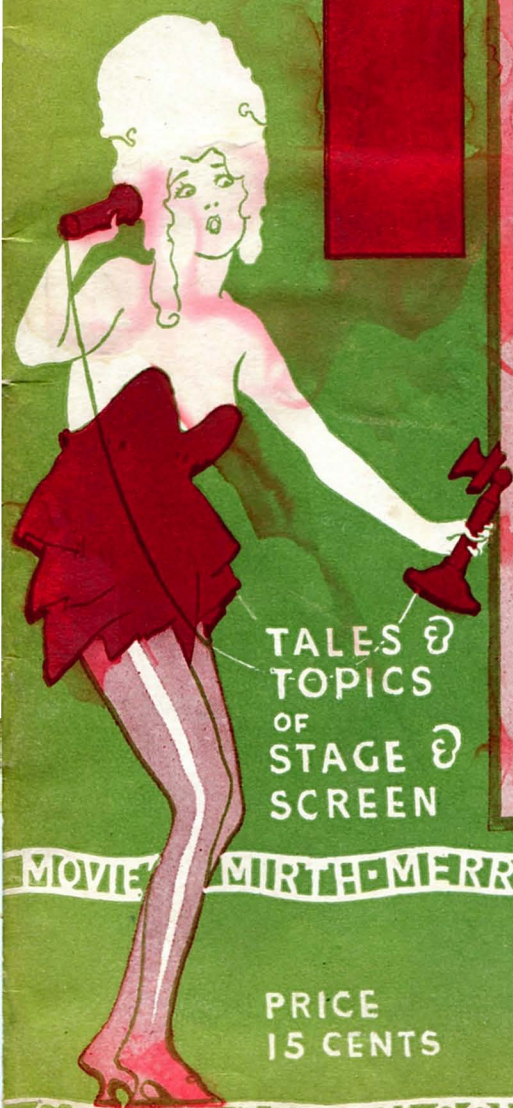


THE TATLER

MAY, 1921

FOUND FACTS



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



ANNETTE BADE with the Ziegfeld Frolic

Photo by Edward Thayer Munroe

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

PRICE
15 CENTS

STAGE SCREEN SONG STORIES SATIRE SPICE

Notice—

Last month The Tatler caused
over one hundred million laughs
in this and foreign countries.

It was read by more than
350 000 persons and each
copy contained 352 laughs.

The Tatler—the magazine
that puts the joy into life.

Fill out the coupon on the
back cover NOW.



VOL. III

MAY, 1921

NO. 4

The Customary Attitude

A LADY was going to Europe on a steamer, and just before the boat started she was "shot" by the newspaper photographers. "Just a moment, please," she said, and then she posed herself.

She sat with her legs crossed and her skirt up to her knees.

A woman was caught in a railroad wreck, and when the reporters came with their cameras to photograph the survivors, she draped herself carelessly over a broken trunk.

She sat with her legs crossed and her skirt up to her knees.

A sweet young thing had just shot a burglar. The reporters burst into the room. She asked for a moment to compose herself, and when the pictures appeared in the paper—

She sat with her legs crossed and her skirt up to her knees.

A girl had just won the long-distance swimming championship. The reporters wanted to photograph her in her bathing suit, but she ran and got a dress, and when she posed—

She sat with her legs crossed and her skirt up to her knees.

A famous actress was carried from a burning hotel in a fainting condition. She begged the reporters to wait, and when she finally allowed them to snap her—

She sat with her legs crossed and her skirt up to her knees.

A group photograph of seventy members of the committee to furnish ice-cream freezers for the starving Eskimos was taken for publication purposes—

And they all sat with their legs crossed and their skirts up to their knees.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

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WALTER E. COLBY
Editor

William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

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Things Are Not What They Seem

THIS is what is known as the age of specialized shopping. The fashionable stores are getting so they prefer to handle just one thing—your money.

Instead of the old-fashioned general store, which would handle anything from a spool of thread to your last year's account, the modern way is to sell just one article—and then to keep that more or less of a secret.

You can never guess what's for sale in these specialty shops. They always put something in the window to fool you. Then when you get in to get stung, it makes a nice surprise to find out what you're getting stung for.

For window display, something quite chaste and misleading is the thing. If you see a lovely piece of statuary in the window, and go inside expecting to buy a jardiniere for the family fern, you dis-

cover that they handle nothing but Spanish brocades.

Or you may be attracted by a lamp, all covered with fourteen-point lace and non-negotiable gilt. You rush in, and ask the price of it.

"It's not for sale," you are informed, by a haughty dame with a permanent marcel caked on her peroxide locks. "This is Madame Svelte's corset shop."

Or your eye may be taken by a couple of dumb-bells, in linked embrace, which reminds you that you intended buying a new tennis racquet.

You step confidently inside of what you naturally presume is a sporting goods store, and ask to see their racquets.

"Very sorry," drawls the chappie behind the counter. "This is a haberdasher's. The dumb-bells are symbolic, representing cuff links."

NO!

HENRY FORD did NOT write "Welcome Stranger."

Ziegfeld will NOT put on Bernard Shaw's next play.

The Shuberts do NOT write symphonies.

Irving Berlin did NOT compose the goose-step.

George Cohan is NOT descended from Betsy Ross.

Ed Wynn is NOT his first name.

Dolores is NOT listed as a "stylish stout."

Eva Tanguay is NOT retired.

David Belasco is NOT connected with the Columbia circuit.

EVERYBODY START ONE!

NOW that we've had a national fish day and a national eat-an-apple day, why not a few others? For instance:

National give-up-your-seat-in-the-subway day.

National shine-your-own-shoes day.

National poor fish day.

National change-to-summer-underwear day.

National think-kindly-of-mother-in-law day.

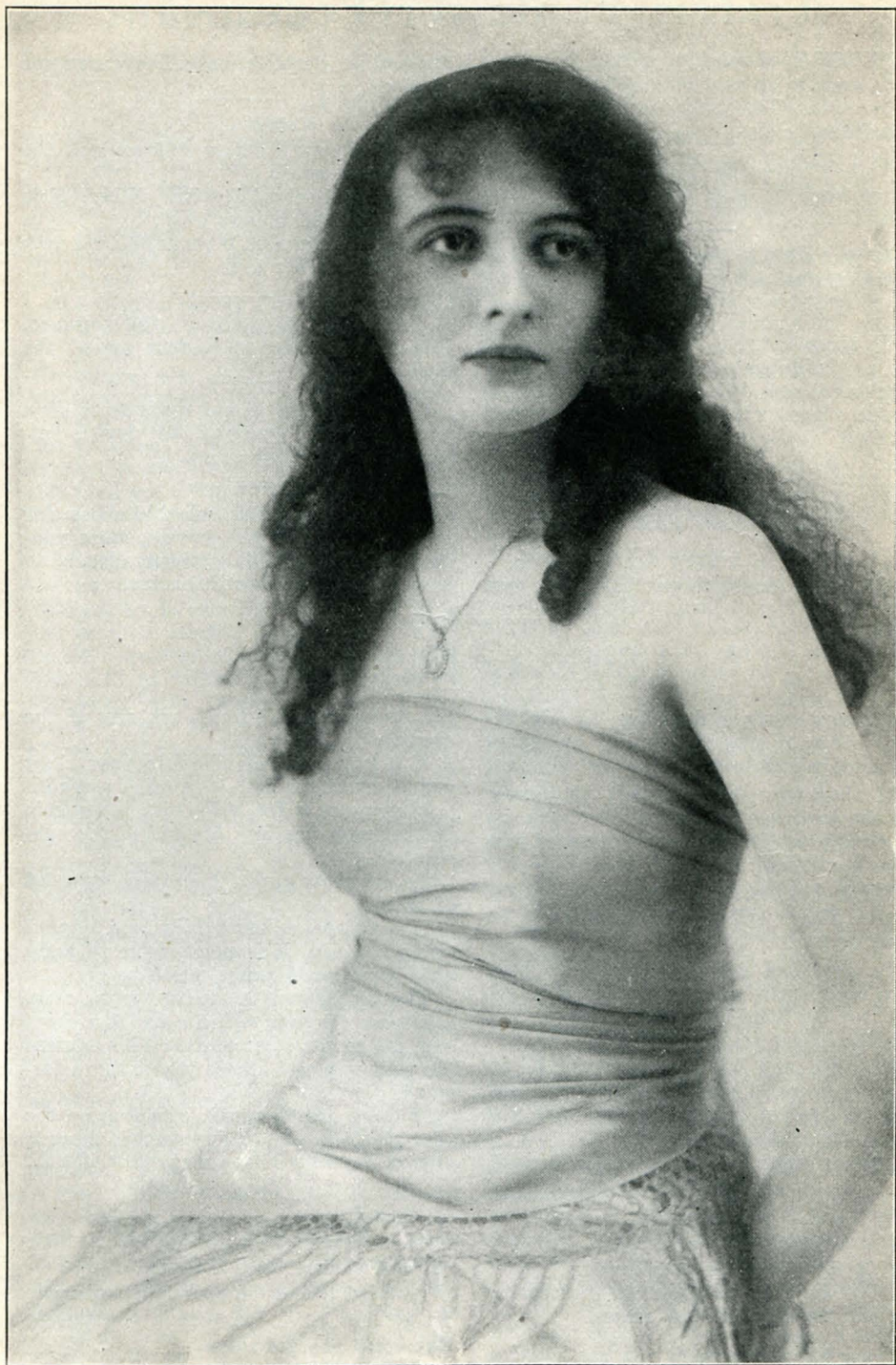
National window-washing day.

National go-to-church Sunday.

National go-to-Huyler's sundae.

National go-to-h—— we beg pardon!

Pretty soon we have to begin calling them the eternal revenue collectors,



Agnes Louet, reigning French beauty, known as the Mary Pickford of Paris

Traffic Hints for Pedestrians

BEFORE crossing a street, look both ways to be sure no short-skirted girl is in sight. Then you can watch for automobiles.

Ladies have the right of way. You don't have to give it to them. They HAVE it.

If you wish to hurry along Broadway at lunch time—it can't be done.

To cross a street, select a position close by a timid-looking flapper with grey stockings and big brown eyes. Any traffic officer will see that she crosses safely.

Learn the Traffic Policeman's signals:

- 1 Whistle—move North and South.
- 1 Whistle—move East and West.

On rainy days, to protect your eyes

from other people's umbrellas, carry one yourself.

Where to Walk:—

Broadway: Where fellows look the girls over;

Grand Central Station: Where girls look the fellows over;

Fifth Avenue: Where the girls look each other over.

Should you slip, always fall forward. Remember—better the face than the flask.

Gentlemen should not congregate on a windy corner. Anyway the view is better from across the street.

On wet days, wear non-skid shoes, for if you skid through a jewelry store window, the judge will probably decide to have you equipped with chains.

Subway Etiquette

DO not carry a flask on the hip because, if you do, you will be taking up room which belongs to somebody else.

If your nose itches, rub it vigorously on the overcoat collar of the man in front of you. If a lady is in front of you, be a gentleman and let it itch.

Do not try to crowd yourself into a train. There will be another along in an hour or two.

Be sure and put your hand into your own pocket and not into that of a neighbor, for the hand must remain there during the entire trip.

Be sure and have your cigars in an aluminum metal case. If you don't they will be fine-cut tobacco by the time you reach your station.

If you want any information consult

the Subway Sun. Don't ask any of the guards.

If a lady has her elbow in your right ear, don't blame her. She can't move it.

If you are a fat man, take a taxicab. No fat man has any friends in the subway.

Do not chew gum. This takes up a lot of room.

If you are a short lady and cannot reach a strap, it is permissible to hang onto some gentleman's whiskers.

The best punch to deliver when seeking space for yourself in a car is a short arm jab to the solar plexus. This doubles the party up and allows you to move forward.

If there are 28 people standing on the rear platform of a car remember there is always room for 17 more at every station.

REBUFF

“**A**H! I saw the princess slip,”
Said the preacher to the teacher
As she stumbled on the stairs.

“Fresh old thing, don't you get flip!”
Quoth the teacher to the preacher.
“What you saw were teddy bears!”

MODERN VERSION

THE elderly Mrs. Hubbard
Went to her Chippendale cupboard
To get her prize Pekinese a sweetmeat;
But when she got there
She found her candy box bare,
And so her poor dear had to eat meat.

"I Hear—"

Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

WHEN Ina Claire starts on her six months jaunt about

By THE TATLER

Europe much of interest and admiration will follow her. Along Broadway they call her The Girl Who Dares to Do As She Likes.

She liked to marry a young newspaper man instead of the richest young man in the world. She married the former. Wherefore she is now Mrs. James Whitaker instead of Mrs. Vincent Astor.

While rumors multiplied about the clever young actress's engagement to Vincent Astor there were many denials and evasions. What follows is the truth for it came from the heroine of those romantic tales herself.

Vincent Astor met the young impersonator at a reception given by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Miss Claire had been engaged to sing for Mrs. Vanderbilt's guests. Herman Oelrichs was presented to her and at once introduced his chum, "Vin" Astor. The heir to the Astor fortune became a regular patron of the Park, then the Majestic Theatre, where Miss Claire was appearing as "The Quaker Girl."

He was a frequent caller at their home. He enjoyed simple, home cooked meals at the Fagan menage. Yes, Miss Claire's maiden name was Fagan. The actress and her mother used to pity the heir of countless millions. His mother was in Europe. His father was usually absent from home. His sister, Muriel, was with her mother in England. "He seemed so alone that we called him 'The Poor Little Rich Boy,'" said one of the Fagans.

At this time Vincent Astor paid devoted court to Ina Claire.

"Let's get married," he said. "We can go over to Hoboken and be married and back in an hour."

Miss Claire hesitated. "But you are only twenty and I only seventeen," she said. "We are too young. Let us wait. Besides, I am an actress; I'm sure your family won't approve of your marrying a stage person; I can see the headlines in the newspapers 'Actress Causes Multimillionaire to Disinherit His Son.'"

"I think Dad will see it right," was the enamored lad's response. "If he doesn't

I will wait until I am twenty-one and get him to settle five million on me

and give the rest to Muriel. Would you mind?"

Five millions seemed a tidy allowance to Ina Claire. And so the matter rested, happily for the babes in the woods of the world, until Col. John Jacob Astor sailed. Sailed and perished on the Titanic.

With the great Astor fortune pressing its nearly crushing weight upon his narrow young shoulders, young Astor steadied himself to the burden. He telephoned: "Ina, I want to see you." But the iron hand of circumstance followed him even to the telephone and drew him back.

All might yet have gone well had not two representatives of the Astor estate elected to call upon the pretty young woman, who, they heard, had enchained the fancy of the head of the Astor family. After some circumlocution, much folding of hands, much masking of their purpose, they finally asked her what sum she would accept for a relinquishment of her hold upon the young man's affections. Upon which she waxed indignant and with youth's irreverence for mere position cast the representatives into outer darkness. At all events she told them in unmistakable terms to "get out." This was followed by her departure for a tour.

The young multimillionaire assumed control of the estate. He shouldered his burdens and turned his back upon romance, even as Prince Carl did upon Kathie in Old Heidelberg.

Thus ended the story, save that four years later Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, formerly Helen Huntington, the playmate of his childhood, sent their cards to Miss Claire's dressing room while she was playing in "Polly with a Past." She received them with her usual cordiality and accepted an invitation for a week end at their country home, at Rhinebeck on the Hudson.

Came then rumors of her engagement to the veteran baritone of the Metropolitan, Signor Scotti. That romance thrived on both American and European soil, until the fact that a generation sep-

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

arated them assumed larger proportions. Also the baritone's very lively jealousy formed a wedge of division.

Then the engagement to a young naval lieutenant of Washington and, finally, Lieutenant Lawrence Townsend died, but not until after Miss Claire had broken her engagement with him.

"I just found it wasn't there," she said, "the heart deep interest without which it would be impossible for me to marry anyone."

Again she was The Girl Who Dared to Do As She Liked when, a year after her secret marriage in a Chicago suburb, the story leaked.

"It wasn't convenient to announce my marriage then," she said. "I wanted to wait until my husband was established in New York. He is now. He came on from Chicago last winter. There is no longer any reason why I should hide the fact of our marriage. I felt it was my own affair and I had the right to deny it. I denied it."

Her voluntary departure from what is called "The Actors' Heaven," an engagement with David Belasco, staggered the street.

"I'm leaving him in May," she said to a star of lesser magnitude.

"You're crazy," said the S. L. M.

"Never was saner in my life and never will be," was Miss Claire's answer.

"I never liked 'The Gold Diggers.' My part in it was inconsequential. I am unwilling to play a third year in it."

"But your name is up as a star!" gasped the amazed one.

"It's the part I want, not the glitter. I wanted another play. When none was forthcoming I resigned."

"But he gave you the motion picture rights to 'Polly with a Past.'"

The week that Miss Claire's husband, the music critic, announced in his paper that his wife would leave the "Gold Diggers," the street was rife with rumors. The most lurid was that Mr. Belasco demanded an explanation, and that angered by his star's obstinacy, had shot her. Her mother telephoned from Pelham to Mrs. James Whitaker's apartment on West Forty-ninth Street.

"Are you all right?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Certainly I am all right," she answered. "Why?"

"Because a man telephoned from one

of the newspapers and asked if you had been shot."

"Never been shot except when I was doing 'Polly' into a picture," she rejoined.

In the exotic Belasco studios in the Belasco theatre may prevail the opinion that actresses are ever ungrateful. But Ina Claire tosses her head.

We sometimes wonder why the modern girl, when she dresses for the ballroom, doesn't get confused and go to bed.

THE Tatler told in a recent issue that a beauty whose name is a synonym with Broadway attempted suicide for love of a well-known playwright manager. He was about to leave for Europe. She demanded that she be allowed to accompany him. His refusal and the quarrel which ensued caused her to make the attempt upon her life. The nearly tragic event took place in his apartment.

He sailed alone. She remained behind, a prey to bitterness. Various smart young men paid her devoted attention, but she grew thinner and wanner and more wretched than ever.

When he returned, the love affair was not renewed. Cupid's wings drooped. On the occasion of the opening of the manager's new theatre, which also signaled the premiere of his play, which she is said to have inspired, she was a conspicuous member of the audience. She was attended by two swains, a society man and another playwright. Her bearing was pensive.

The manager's attention was drawn to another beauty without tragic potentialities. She was beautiful, bewitching and—an attribute admired of all men,—cheerful. He met her at that clearing house of many romances, the Sixty Club. That he was smitten was apparent from their first meeting.

He became at once as ardently attentive as he had been to the other and more shrewish beauty who would have killed herself for his dear sake. The heart drama moved slowly and, it seemed, happily to its climax. But motion picture life is a container holding as many surprises as Pandora's box. The inamorata of the manager went to the Pacific Coast to "do a picture." Shortly after her arrival came rumors of the

(Continued on page 8)

The Inspirational Ruby Lorraine

We have been waiting patiently for some artist to come along with the dainty, tinty touch of the late Raphael Kirschner. He always said Miss Lorraine inspired him. Can't she cast her spell over another's brush?



(C) E. O. Hoppe, N. Y.

(Continued from page 6)

attentions of a matinee idol of the screen.

To the manager, sitting late in his office, planning a next season campaign, came this message.

"Blank and I are in love. What shall we do?"

The manager sat, head in hands, at his desk throughout the midnight hour. Nevertheless his long cogitation ended in his drawing a telegram blank from a drawer, shaking his fountain pen into obedience to his will, and writing the rush message: "Get married."

Which was speedily done. And now, more surprising still, Broadway sees the originally sundered pair together. When she has played her bit in a local entertainment, she makes up her prettiest and joins him at some play or cabaret or restaurant. The careworn look is lifting from her face. After all there are few beautiful young women who love a man enough to die for him. It flatters a man, particularly if his heart has been made sore by the defection of more than one temperamental woman. Her ambition to wear his wedding ring may yet be realized.

One of his best friends, learning of the reconciliation, burst forth with: "You've elected yourself president of The Poor Fish Club."

Choir singers should not wear low-necked gowns, and as far as our experience goes, most choir singers couldn't.

IRENE CASTLE was discussing some of the intimate details of the newest fashions the other day. She told all about what would be worn this season, and where it would be worn, and why.

"And how about your husband?" asked her interviewer, catching sight of Robert Treman in the background. "Is he a modish dresser, also?"

Whereupon Mrs. Castle replied: "Oh, I should say he is. Bob, come and tell about your red silk pajamas."

But Bob had nothing to report.

As a matter of fact, not much can be said for red silk pajamas. The least said the soonest mended.

The only person we can think of who had a good excuse for wearing red silk pajamas is the former president of France, who fell out of a train while asleep. If he were attired in crimson, he would serve as a danger signal and thereby save his own life.

But the husband of a movie star and dancer leads a comparatively sheltered life. We see no reason why he should go to bed looking like one of Trotsky's bellboys. And think of the risk he would run in case of fire. Anyone who saw him leaning out of the window would never think of trying to rescue him. They would just think he was a loose flame.

Lee Shubert admits that he is extremely shocked by the short skirts which meet his modest gaze on Broadway. Possibly the reason he's so shocked is because he's so used to none at all.

Speaking of wardrobes, the filing of state income tax returns gives one a breath-taking glimpse of what it means to be a star. One screen star, in her statement, confesses to an expenditure of \$60,000 in one year, which ought to have been enough to keep her back covered, although that's the last thing in the world she'd think of doing. Other stars reveal outlays running into five figures. Women in the theatrical profession are allowed to deduct expenditures for paint and powder in making their returns. This is no more than right, when you stop to consider that a lot of them depend more on paint and powder than on silks and satins when it comes to covering up their—er—deficiencies.

The sheriff who was so busy he forgot to hang a man should be replaced by a woman. No woman would overlook an opportunity like that.

"I consider shoes and stockings the
(Continued on page 10)



*Much grace and charm are added to the Nine O'Clock Revue and the Midnight Frolic
by the presence of dainty Kathlene Martyn*

Edward Thayer Munroe

(Continued from page 8)

most important feature of a woman's attire," says Bebe Daniels, in some press matter that comes to us from the Real-art offices.

Still, at that, dear Bebe, you wouldn't entirely ignore the rest, would you? Or would you?



Eva Burrows Fontaine, whose engagement to Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney was vigorously denied by Mr. Whitney. He was very vehement in controverting the report. Said it was a "malicious lie." Not very complimentary to the lady. Might have said it was a "fib" and let it go at that

IT'S a strange old street. One of curious reunions. For instance, Maude Leone, coming out of the Astor Theatre, where she is playing in "Cornered," is liable to meet her ex-husband, Willard Mack, who at the time this is written is appearing in his own play, "Smooth as Silk," at the house built by Oscar Hammerstein, the Lexington Opera House. Maude Leone, a handsome brunette, was a popular road star in the West when she met Willard Mack. They were playing a stock engagement in Salt Lake City when her

mother's illness summoned her to another state. The mother's illness was a tedious one. Estrangement followed upon absence. They were never reunited. But Maude Leone in her large-hearted way, speaks only the kindest words of her former spouse. She appears only in the first act of "Cornered," and it is probable if "Smooth as Silk" survives the chill spring air that she will slip across town to witness this latest play by her one time husband. Miss Leone was the first of Willard Mack's series of plays.

IN order to have a perfect figure Mary Garden recommends "ten minutes of deep breathing in front of an open window on rising in the morning, and on retiring at night." All I can say is, if it's to be done in front of an open window, one really should have a perfect figure to begin with—in order to give the neighbors a treat.

THE inhumanity of some children to their parents makes this uncertain old world a sadder place. A telephone has interrupted my writing of this page.

"I thought you might be interested to know that my sister has had a mental and nervous breakdown. We are uncertain whether or not to send her to Bloomingdale. Yes, her daughter knows. She has telegraphed that she is going to sing tomorrow and can't be disturbed. She told me to do whatever I can, for she can't do anything."

This singer married while thirteen and bore a child before she was fourteen. She has since been busy marrying and divorcing. One of her husbands was a French waiter whose voice she discovered to be one that harmonized well with her own. He is the father of one of her two sons. Like his predecessor who was her father's office boy, he was divorced by the early married young woman. Later she married again a divorced man who secured a divorce at her request. That man she is divorcing. The two sons she left on their grandparents' hands, while she took long concert tours. Her father, worn down to the quick by toil and worry about this one child, died last year. Her carelessness and lack of affection have dethroned her mother's reason.

And she "can do nothing."

Paris Favorites Coming To Broadway



Mlle. Cikanowa, one of the French capital's most daring dancers, plans coming to the White Way and outshining its lights; and (in the circle) Jeanne Dumas, premiere toe-dancer of France, who will be here next season

Calendar for May

- Sun. 1—At a revival of "Ben Hur," in 1940, several members of the original sextette (of chariot horses) witnessed the performance from the—stalls!
- Mon. 2—Owing to a shortage of burnt cork, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not staged in 1966.
- Tue. 3—Having saved the plumage-bearing birds, Mrs. Fiske will turn her attention to the chestnut-bearing comedies, 1922.
- Wed. 4—The producers of seventeen Broadway failures announced that three London producers were clamoring for the rights, 1916.
- Thu. 5—A song writer was sent to Bellevue because he wrote a ballad without mentioning the moon or the "birdies," 1920.
- Fri. 6—Percy Ames and George Arliss will engage in a monocle bout in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of charity, 1923.
- Sat. 7—Restaurants began to charge for the napkin used by patrons to cover up their flasks, 1922.
- Sun. 8—So far this month no actress has reported the theft of her jewelry.
- Mon. 9—Henry Ford announces that he will go into vaudeville with a troupe of trained flivvers, and all the seal acts threaten to strike, 1924.
- Tue. 10—Arnold Daly walked out of a show because someone whispered that his waistline is the same size as Whistler's was.
- Wed. 11—Arthur Hopkins produced King Lear with two fire screens and a pocket-flashlight for scenic equipment, 1927.
- Thu. 12—Delysia and Kitty Gordon have organized a joint insurance company to protect their backs, 1924.
- Fri. 13—Barrie wrote a play which wasn't "whimsical," 1941, and the Drama League didn't know how to take it.
- Sat. 14—Four men were carried out of Carnegie Hall during a symphony concert suffering from what seemed to be sleeping sickness, but was afterward found to be only a nap.
- Sun. 15—George Cohan appeared on the stage for the last time in 1922, 1938, 1992.
- Mon. 16—"Lightnin'" will be moved over to Ellis Island so that immigrants can get it off their theatre lists without delay, 1933.
- Tue. 17—Raymond Hitchcock was toastmaster at a dinner in honor of Billy Sunday and the officers of the Anti-Saloon League, 1982.
- Wed. 18—Sir Harry Lauder was starred by Al Woods, in 1931, appearing in a farce called "Laddies' Knight."
- Thu. 19—An actor overheard talking on Broadway and not about himself, 1919.
- Fri. 20—Winter Garden show girl discharged because she walked across the stage too rapidly, 1924.
- Sat. 21—Man bought two seats in the third row at the box office of a Broadway success and sent them to the Natural History museum as curiosities.
- Sun. 22—A movie queen complained to the director because he wasn't featuring the rest of the company enough, 1966.
- Mon. 23—A musical comedy queen discovered that a good way to grow thin was to pay for her own meals, 1922.
- Tue. 24—Curtain went up on time in a Broadway theatre, and the opening scene was witnessed by the orchestra leader, three ushers and a fireman.
- Wed. 25—Special memorial services for the little theatre movement were held in Greenwich Village, 1947.
- Thu. 26—Vegetables made their first appearance on any stage, 1866, coming from the direction of the gallery.
- Fri. 27—William Jennings Bryan signed a contract, 1925, to star in an anti-reel film to be called "Grape Juice."
- Sat. 28—De Wolf Hopper presides at another auction.
- Sun. 29—Now that ear-puffs are going out of fashion, 1921, men can get a better view of the stage.
- Mon. 30—An actor in vaudeville failed to get a laugh by stepping on a straw hat.
- Tue. 31—Having passed blue laws to prohibit everything, the reformers will have to start an agitation against blue laws—or else retire.

They Don't Make 'Em Any Prettier



Claiborne Foster in "Ladies' Night"



*Beatrice Swanson
in "The Rose Girl"*



Alva Fenton in "The Midnight Rounders"

The Breath of Life

WAHNTAH STARR

lifted her head
from the cushiony bosom

of the middle-aged millionaire who had just asked her to marry him. There was a startled expression in the beautiful eyes, which had created such havoc among the roof garden patrons. Something in Gotthe Kayle's question stirred a sense of impending trouble.

"Do you realize what becoming my wife will mean?" repeated Kayle.

Wahntah's forebodings grew, though she pecked playfully at the lowermost of Gotthe's three chins and giggled:

"Of course I do, darling. That is why I said yes."

"Do you understand," gravely persisted Kayle, "that my wife can not be the heroine of a \$100,000 jewel robbery?"

"Why, dear," protested Wahntah Starr, hiding a clouded countenance against his shirt front, "other women besides actresses have press agents, nowadays."

"Mrs. Kayle will have none," sternly declared the plutocrat. In his circle, women who were written up in the Sunday supplements were referred to as the "yellow rich," and the "circus set."

"Also," continued Kayle, "you will

By Terrell Love Holliday

be barred from signing testimonials for beauty creams and face powders."

"Very w-well," quavered Wahntah Starr.

"Furthermore," proceeded Kayle, in a voice cold and inexorable, "matrimony entails relinquishment of all hope of your name ever blazing in electric lights, on Broadway."

The slender form stiffened in Gotthe Kayle's arms.

"Finally," he concluded, "when having pictures taken for publication, you must wear a few—er—clothes."

Up from the pillowing breast jerked Wahntah Starr's head. The lovely violet eyes were deepened to velvety purple by the intensity of her emotion.

"C-Can't I even be photographed in pajamas, or in bed?" she panted.

"Absolutely not!"

Violently she broke from his loving clasp and pointed toward the door.

"I'd rather remain the poor handmaiden of art," she stormed, "than to be the handcuffed matron of a one-skirt harem. D'ya think you and all your money would compensate me for giving up everything that makes life worth living?"

The Broadway Bulletin Board

SOMEBODY dropped a good cent in the gum machine in the Times Square subway station last week and got the machinery all jazzed up and it is now out of commission.

"The Lavender Princess" musical comedy company which closed March 12 at Deadwood, North Dakota, arrived in town late last week. They are in favor of building the Lincoln Highway across the continent as soon as possible.

A well-known playwright has written a new play about a fellow who got a divorce from his wife. It is entitled "Taking the Jaw Out of Life."

Several shows have had to quit on account of tire trouble. The public seemed to tire of them.

The electric light signs on some theatres remind us of Rolls-Royce radiators on Ford cars, there is so little behind them.

An actor went into a saloon on Broadway the other day and asked for a nice drink and they gave it to him right over the bar—a nice drink of milk.

The girls do not know what to wear in gowns or shoes or hats and so they put on lots of airs and let it go at that.

A man died in a telephone booth and the body was found three days later when central discovered that he had taken the receiver off the hook.

A stranger dropped a nickel in the slot in the Broadway surface car track and waited for a car but one didn't come along for an hour.

A judge says a thief can't be punished for stealing liquor—probably because there isn't any punishment severe enough.

Highbrow Criticism

"TICKLE ME," For the benefit of the provinces, among which Frank Tinney is now said to be circulating, I have here to correct an error. The lady with "the precise, nervous, and intelligent legs" is, unfortunately, called Olga Mishka. Frances Grant's are quite another story.—*Scofield Thayer in The Dial.*

"BEN HUR," For the benefit of the provinces, the dappled mare on the right in the chariot race with "the precise, nervous, and intelligent legs" is called Nellie. Mr. Benjamin Hur's are quite another story.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," For the benefit of the provinces, the lady with "the precise, nervous, and intelligent legs" is Eliza, as she is seen crossing on the ice. Little Eva's are quite another story.

"TRILBY," For the benefit of the provinces, the lady with "the precise, nervous, and intelligent legs" is Trilby. Svengali's are quite another story.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," For the benefit of the provinces, the lady with "the precise, nervous, and intelligent legs" is called Rosalind. Touchstone's are quite another story.

"THE MID-NIGHT FROLIC," For the benefit of The Dial, the lady with "the precise, nervous, and intelligent legs" is called Annette Bade. Flo Ziegfeld's are quite another story.



Dolores Mendez
in the "Passing
Show of 1921"

BITS BY A BROADWAY BOUNDER

A good deal of the music in the musical shows of today is of the later Victrolian age.

Some people believe it should be called the United States can't-stitution.

Socrates earned only the equivalent of \$75 a year. No wonder he was a philosopher. He had to be.

Chicago judge holds that it is not illegal for a man to steal from his wife. No it is not illegal. It's impossible.

Curiosity is a very expensive trait, especially in a poker game.

Step on the Gas

THE swiftest thing we know of is light, which travels 186,000 miles a second. The next swiftest is a chorus girl, who doesn't travel quite so fast, but gets there just the same.

The slowest thing we know of is the human thumb, which grows a billionth of a yard per second. The next slowest is the kick in near-beer, which has ceased to travel altogether.

A cannon ball has been known to get up a speed of 2,000 miles an hour, and a Greenwich Village ball often gets up a speed of more than a mile a minute along about 3 a. m.

A bamboo tree grows 27-10,000,000ths of a yard per second, but a popular

ballad about a bamboo tree can beat that.

The earth revolves about the sun at 65,000 miles an hour. This is its normal speed, but under the influence of certain brands of home-brew, it has broken that record.

An electric train was tested recently in Germany, and made 130 miles an hour between Berlin and Zossen—going away from Berlin.

A man has skated 27 miles an hour, and a Broadway musical show has skated for half an hour over thin ice.

A revenue agent has traveled from one cafe to another in no time at all, and a flask has traveled from one hip-pocket to another in less time than that.

The only one of the reds that doesn't have anything mean said about him these days is the American Indian.

You can cure a girl of hiccoughs by pressing on her cervicular nerve, but you'd better be certain that you know her well enough first.

Any man is liable to make a mistake, and any woman is glad to point it out to him.

Whenever a woman gets the degree of doctor of laws we always imagine she earned it by laying it down to some man.

Perhaps one reason Edison is still so active is because he confined himself largely to light work.

Broadway Society Notes

MR. H. HAMMERSLEY HICKS, the well-known vaudevillian, entertained last evening at the Automat. Covers were laid for two.

Mr. and Mrs. Montmorency de Vere met in front of Wolpins last evening for the first time in two years. Both turned and fled without exchanging the felicitations of the season.

The H. Borden Binks's have opened their two-room kitchenette in the Ham apartments for the season, which they will spend in town as usual, unless they can get a job on the road.

Miss Loretta McSwat is mourning the loss of her pet Pom Fi-Fi. She believes some person has stolen the dog to use it on the end of a pole to wash windows.

Mr. Thomas H. Ince had his name on the screen this week. This is the first

time this has happened since last week.

Mr. Juan Belmonte, the champion bull fighter of Spain, has been doing Broadway recently. He has killed 200 bulls in his time, but has come over here to learn how to throw the bull before killing it.

Miss Lutie Bibbins, a popular member of the younger society set of Hickeyville, Iowa, has arrived in New York, being the latest society recruit to the ranks of stage people. Miss Bibbins has not decided just which company she will join, but has 400 photographs which were taken by the Hickeyville photographer.

There were several after-the-theatre parties at Childs, Fifty-ninth street, last evening. The flapjacker in the window sprained his wrist.

Popular On The Screen Just Now

Lucy Fox

*Photos by
Edward Thayer Munroe*



Betty Compson



Carmel Myers

The Old Days and the New

CLEOPATRA was a
vamp who had ac-
quired a reputation

By De Vaux Thompson

And she entertained some Romans of a
most exalted station.
For their week-ends, 'twas the habit of
Marc Antony and Caesar
To hurry down to Egypt with some price-
less gifts, to please 'er.
But she didn't go about it in the strictly
modern way
And she had no movie contract, so her
vamping didn't pay.

Now, Salome was a whizzer in the dim
and distant ages
And the stories of her dancing fill a lot
of thumb-marked pages.
She did her dance for nothing and her
poetry of motion
Didn't bring her any limousines or
yachts upon the ocean.
Her income-tax was not like Gertrude
Hoffman's or the Dolly's
For she never had a chance to shake the
shimmy in the Follies.

When Godiva took her
famous ride, she didn't
wear a garment.

The affair was very public and there
really was no harm meant.
When she did her horseback stunt, she
did it in the altogether
And she didn't get a cent for going out
to face the weather.
If Godiva were now with us she could
be one of the cuties
And acquire a massive fortune with
Mack Sennett's bathing beauties.

The old Lucretia was a lady with a
bottle,
She used it when she wished some poli-
tician's aims to throttle.
He sipped a glass of her home-brew.
His senses went a-whizzin'.
One drink of that and, sure as fate, the
next world it was his'n.
But she could earn a lot of dough and
many a diamond brooch
If she could live today and sell that stuff
of hers for hooch.

Curses!

OUR busy little reformers are just
now polishing off their hammers on
that old friend—the "Continued next
week" movie serial. They're all het up
over the alarming fact that at the end
of each episode, right up until the last
one, the villain seems to be getting the
upper hand and the lower berth.

This, sob the reformers, will never do.
Think of the poor mistaken mortals who
see all the episodes except the last one.
They may go through life without discov-
ering that the dastardly rascal got what
was coming to him in the last five hun-
dred feet of film.

You really get the idea, week by week,
that villains have it pretty soft. To
counteract this influence we suggest that
villains be killed off at the end of each
episode, thereby proving that the way of
the transgressor is hard and virtue is its
own reward.

What could be more uplifting than

twelve episodes, as follows:

- Episode I.—Villain tossed over a cliff.
- Episode II.—Villain kissed by rattle-
snake.
- Episode III.—Villain laid out by wood
alcohol.
- Episode IV.—Villain stepped on by
ostrich.
- Episode V.—Villain hit by taxicab.
- Episode VI.—Villain suffocated in tel-
ephone booth.
- Episode VII.—Villain crushed in sub-
way.
- Episode VIII.—Villain shriveled up by
withering look.
- Episode IX.—Villain buried alive in
Wall street.
- Episode X.—Villain drowned in Niag-
ara Falls.
- Episode XI.—Villain flattened by
steam roller.
- Episode XII.—Villain killed by kind-
ness.

I TOOK a peep, she slapped my face;
It only made me laugh;
I still maintain you cannot keep
Black sheep from a pretty calf.

Three Broadway Thoroughbreds



*Florence Normand,
a full blooded
brunette*



*Princess
White Deer,
a full blood-
ed Indian, in
the "Frolic"*



*Eva Gosnell,
a full blooded
blonde*

Shooting the Sob Stuff

By Roy A. Giles

EDITOR, *The Tatler*.—

I am sending attached a bon mutt.

Should you see fit to print it, I am satisfied it will greatly increase your Swedish circulation. To me, the Swede in it, is a scream.

"Svenska Snus" as used in this script, translated, means Swedish Snuff. The rest of the Swede, of which I have used little, from my vast Norse vocabulary, is harmless. The exact location of the places named cannot be found on the map, or anywhere else, for that matter, which makes the script perfectly correct in scientific detail.

Yours truly,

ROY A. GILES.

IT has been learned at the Bureau of Belated Benevolence that many of our motion picture actresses are in crying need of onions, but it has been decided not to permit the worthy Alaskan charities to lag on this account. The Esquimaux Free Ice and Snow Removal Fund will go forward, and the Pilgrimage to Pick Chorus Peaches from Among the Blonde Alaskan Tribes has reached a formative stage. Picking chorus girls is mostly a matter of form, anyway.

Baron Svenska Snus, our intrepid Norse Pole vaulter and ski jumper extraordinary, has agreed to undertake the expedition as soon as he recovers from a cold in the head. He has already conferred with Florenz Ziegfeld and Morris Gest, who report that the crop of blondes for chorus purposes has been pretty well culled and that there is no hope save to draw on the blonde Esquimaux.

It is true that each blonde Esquimaux lady weighs about 400 pounds, but it will be possible for the managers to put props under the stage as is done at the Hip-

podrome when the elephants coyly shimmy.

Baron Svenska Snus says, in order to bring back the blonde Esquimaux, he will have to penetrate Bjorn-ferd-skag-sputter as far as Olsen-jag-spar, but Morris Gest has told him to go as far as he likes.

The greatest hardships are usually encountered in this region, the Baron says. Once, he asserts, he stood, all but spent, in the light of the Aurora Borealis and swallowed his last remaining gum drop—taking out his pocket flask, in sheer desperation, he gulped three fingers of ice tea.

Mr. Ziegfeld listened to this thrilling recital with bated breath, and then becoming facetious he told the Baron that if he should encounter Rory Bory Alice, on his next trip, he might bring her back along with the other girls.

This levity on the manager's part, caused Baron Svenska Snus to say many things excitedly in his native tongue, thus terminating the interview.

It's a question which can attract the larger crowd—a girl in an ultra-abbreviated skirt, or a man painting a billboard.

Those women who try to break the bank at Monte Carlo doubtless got the idea by breaking a few gentlemen friends first.

On account of the paper shortage there is hardly a collar worn in the State of Nebraska.

If there were more men working and fewer trying to save the country, the country probably would be able to save itself in time.

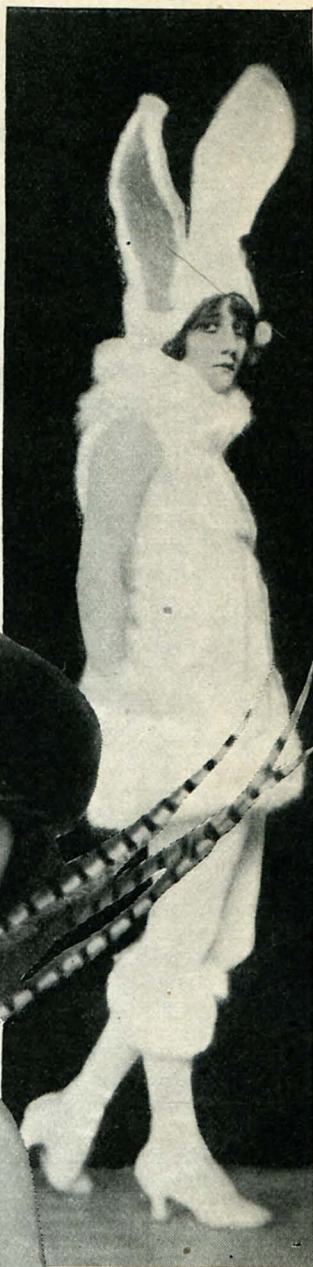
One thing that always helps a woman to make up her mind is the privilege of changing it.

You can judge a man by the company he keeps, but it's not safe to judge a woman by the hours she keeps.

Freakish Bits In Stage Attire



Alden Gay in the
"Greenwich Vil-
lage Follies"



Eleanor Dell in
"The Midnight
Rounders"



Peggy Matthews in the "Greenwich Village Follies"

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Sometime, Perhaps

O H, there was a little maiden and her name was Mary Jane,
The little town she lived in gave her quite a piercing pain.
They had movies every Tuesday and a graveyard and a bank,
But with all these great improvements, Mary's Town was just a tank.

Now, Mary was a whizzer and she lived life with a vim,
And there was no one in Hicksville who knew how to dance the shim.
And she grew so very lonesome living up there with the hicks
She decided to pack up her grip and beat it from the sticks.

Her people all advised her she was making a mistake;
That the big town was a gross deception and a fickle fake,
But the maiden was determined—she had figured out her fate,
And she started for the city on the seven-forty-eight.

A manager, he saw her, and he put her in his show.
She was so very shapely she got right in the first row.
Within a week she had a part—'twas written in the "book."
She couldn't act, she couldn't dance, but, gosh! how she could look.

A millionaire, he found her, and asked her to take his name.
She said "This is so sudden," but she grabbed him just the same.
And now she has a flock of automobiles and a yacht—
In fact, there isn't anything the lady hasn't got.

She lugs around a bankroll that is famous for its heft.
She hasn't been to Hicksville since the famous day she left.
The moral of the tale is that perhaps it isn't true.
It happened not to Mary, but perhaps it might to you.

Too Much Marconi

IT begins to look as if what little privacy is still left in the world will soon be wiped out. Someone who doesn't care two cents for the happiness of the so-called human race now comes forward with the cheerful prediction that, in a few years individual wireless will be as common as bootleggers.

No matter where you happen to be, you won't be able to enjoy a moment's seclusion. Someone will spoil everything by paging you with a little Marconigram.

This will be the greatest modern inconvenience ever thrust upon an unsuspecting public. Think of the many occasions when you don't want to be paged.

You might, for example, be eloping with somebody else's wife, and right in the midst of it, along comes a wireless from her legitimate husband. And a wireless isn't like a telephone call—you can't ignore it. A wireless can walk in on you even if you are otherwise engaged.

Or take the case of a man busy in the

cellar, bottling his last litter of home brew. His mother-in-law begins to page him by wireless. Which shall he obey—his natural instincts, or his master's voice?

What a cinch it will be for the process servers, who can hand you a subpoena simply by setting loose a few vibrations in the ether. Corporation officials won't be able to escape the unpleasant duties of appearing in court just by ducking out the back door and running off to the golf links, when they see the process server coming up the front steps.

Perhaps you are courting the best girl in the world, and just as you have about got warmed up to the point of popping the question, your hated rival grabs her off with a wireless.

The more we think of it, the more we feel that wireless's place isn't in the home. It's all right for the weather bureau to make use of it, to report that it looks like rain, but we don't need it horn-ing in on our private affairs.

The Line Is Busy, Cupid

By Adele Pryce

BETTY (over the phone)—“My dear, I think your invitations are perfectly lovely. They’re too grand for words! And you’re going to have a church wedding, aren’t you? I almost envy you—that rector’s the best looking thing!”

Doris (over the phone)—“But, my dear, I’m not marrying the rector, you know.”

Betty—“Oh, I don’t mean that he’s any better looking than your Randolph, or than my George. But he’s a lot better looking than the preacher who’s going to officiate at my quiet little home wedding, as I suppose you’d call it.”

Doris—“Well, I’m not so set on the
(Continued on next page)

.....

The vogue for accor-
dian-plaited ef-
fects finds expres-
sion in this dainty
garment—one of
the intimate reve-
lations of the June
bride’s trousseau

.....



.....

Ann Andrews wearing an evening
gown of ivory white satin, which
has a truly bridal grace in its cut
and the simplicity of its trimming

.....



(Continued from page 23)

church ceremony as mother. She's the one who really insisted, you know."

Betty—"I suppose you're getting oodles of clothes, aren't you? Tell me about your wedding dress."

Doris—"I think you'll be crazy about it. I am, myself. It's of white tulle and silver cloth, and it's—well, quite short. Must be in the vogue, you know."

Betty—"It sounds perfectly wonderful. Are you going to have a veil? I don't think it's a wedding if you don't have a veil."

Doris—"Yes, and it's awfully smart, too. You see, the skirt makes the veil. The lower edge of the skirt is cut quite wide at the back and looped over the head. It's gathered to a silver band which goes across my forehead. I'm not having the train, although, you see, it's almost the same thing—because the train is really caught up on my head. And I'm going to be quite Oriental and wear sandals of silver cloth to match the dress, instead of slippers. Now, how's your dress going to be made? I know it must be lovely."

Betty—"Well, it's not as elaborate as all that, I guess. Still, I do think it's perfectly dear. You see, it's made of taffeta and Venetian point lace—in a basque effect, you know, with a very tight taffeta bodice, and very full, short lace skirt. I'm going to have a short veil, which comes just to my waist, and it's to be thrown entirely over my head, with just a slit for me to peek through. It makes a regular nun's effect, really."

Doris—"What flowers are you going to carry?"

Betty—"Just a single, long-stemmed white lily."

Doris—"Really—that's the oddest thing I ever heard of."

Betty—"Yes, but it's quite the latest."

Doris—"Well, I guess I will be a little behind the latest myself. I'm just having the usual bride's bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley."

Betty—"Oh, yes, and there's something else quite chic I'm planning. Bracelets of orange blossoms on both wrists tied with white satin ribbon. Don't you think that will be effective?"

Doris—"It sounds perfectly lovely. You'll quite overshadow the bridesmaids!"

Betty—"But there aren't going to be any. I'm going to have the stage quite to myself."

Doris—"Well, I have to share honors with three. Still, I suppose they will make life more interesting for the best man, don't you think? Besides, they're going to be stunningly gowned—one in orchid, one in pale green and one in gray."

Betty—"That's a lovely color combination. The best man ought to appreciate all you're doing for him. What are you going to have for your going-away suit?"

Doris—"Gray canton crepe, my dear. And, oh yes, I found some of the loveliest gray silk gloves to match in a shop the other day. They are really new wrist-watch gloves. They have a little flap at the wrist, and when you want to know what time it is you simply push back the flap and see the dial of your watch. Each glove has a buttoned-down flap, so you can wear your watch on either arm."

Betty—"That reminds me. I bought some interesting gloves the other day—long gloves with a row of large, round buttons all the way up the arm. They're awfully good looking. And I've got the best looking wrap to go with them—of blue-gray silk poplin, with a big hood collar. I like it because it's so light and cool and dust-shedding. You know, we're going to motor part of our trip, and I had to get something serviceable for that. And, oh yes, my hat and handbag match—both of dove-gray georgette crepe, trimmed with gray chenille and crystal beads."

A Voice—"Say, I don't like to interrupt—but I'm a stylish-stout, and I'm booked for one of those June weddings myself. Only I'm going to get married in my travelling dress; it's safer when you have a figure like mine. It's of the old faithful blue serge, but it has one of those smart new vestees. It's pale cream embroidered net, with little frills of footing on the collar and edge. Quite smart, believe me. You don't have to blow in a lot of money on a waist—just a nice tucked frilly front, and you don't take off your coat, anyway—that is, not until after you're married. No orange blossoms and tulle for mine. You don't think so much about those things when it's our second or third, and, believe me, I—"

The Operator—"Say, this ain't no private wire. About half you love-birds ring off for a minute and give the public a chance."

A Winter Garden Daisy

.....
*The artist went to
extremities in pos-
ing Charlotte
Sprague for this
page*
.....



Marked Down; or, The Floorwalker Floored

Being Our Own Idea of a Bargain Drama, Half Off

By Lisle Bell

SCENE—The center aisle of a department store on bargain Monday, just before the doors are opened to admit the usual mob of shoppers. Piled high on a table in the center aisle are numerous handmade French blouses, which have just been brought over from the factory of Blitzenbloom & Ginsberg, in Sixth Avenue. Over the table is a large placard which reads: "Imported blouses; all sizes; less than cost."

The clerk at the bargain counter has just finished rouging up for the day, and is engaged in putting the final touches to her polished nails. The floorwalker, having adjusted his boutonniere to his complete satisfaction, strolls over to the counter. They exchange greetings in accordance with the little book of store instructions handed out by the management.

The women outside can be heard rattling the lock and talking excitedly.

THE Clerk—Gee! Look at that gang out there. Do you suppose they all want waists?

The Floorwalker (*with a superior air, tintured with lily of the valley*)—Not necessarily, little one. Perhaps some of them want the detachable aprons and dustless hair-nets on the second floor, and some the unbleached ironing-boards and sun-fast saucepans on the third floor, and some the self-folding napkins and the never-miss cuspidors in the basement.

She—That reminds me. I've got to get one of those never-miss cuspidors for the family. Ma won't let pa smoke since she put up the new cheesecloth overdresses, and pa has gone back to chewing cut plug.

He (*with a slight shrug to indicate delicacy of feeling*)—Personally, I never indulge anything more virile than a soda mint.

She—Say, you oughter come out to our house. Me kid brothers would enjoy you a lot, and pa could mend you, in case they broke you up too much.

He (*aloof*)—No, thanks. No thanks. I don't think I'd care for—

(His remarks are cut short by a rush of shoppers. The doors have been opened and the bargain-hunters are sprinting down the center aisle on the lookout for French blouses from which the Blitzenbloom & Ginsberg label has been removed.)

She—Gee! Here they come. Say, will you stick around and help me out if this mob gets too much for me.

He (*rising manfully to the occasion*)—Trust me, little one. I know how to handle women.

She (*with a sniff*)—Don't crow about it. This is a bargain counter, not a pink tea.

He (*to the shoppers*)—Now, ladies, take your time. Don't push. Don't crowd. There are plenty of blouses for all. Don't push! Madam, I insist, don't push. Take your time, and you'll all go out of here with a shirtwaist under your arm and another one still on your back. Don't push!

First Shopper (*hitting the floorwalker in the eye with her umbrella handle*)—Stand to one side please!

Second Shopper (*grabbing him by the cravat*)—Out of my way please!

Third Shopper (*poking out his other eye with the feather on her hat*)—Let me pass please!

He (*to the clerk*)—Don't be alarmed, little one. My boutonniere is crushed; my collar's gone; I can't see out of either eye, and my fatal beauty is ruined, but I'm not going to give up the fight. Let it not be said that a floorwalker deserted in the face of danger. We are outnumbered, but Blitzenbloom & Ginsberg are on our side. I'll keep on fighting until—

(At this moment, another shopper landed an uppercut on the floorwalker's jaw which lifted him over the counter and landed him over in the next aisle among the jewelry. As they picked him up, he murmured:

That wallop—I'd recognize it anywhere! Tell my wife which hospital I'm at. She's over there in the center aisle with the blouses.

CURTAIN

Playing To Crowded Houses



Inez Plummer in "The Broken Wing"



Ann Andrews in "The Champion"

Ira Hill Studio



Helen Henderson in "Sally"



Mollie King in "Blue Eyes"

Lock Up Your Blondes

(They're Going to Deport Them)

HURRY the blondes to the cellar, the Indians are upon us.

A prominent optometrist (whatever that is) has come out with a plan to deport all light-haired ladies for the reason that men are acquiring serious eye-trouble by looking at them. He says: "All blondes must be deported or must change the color of their hair. Men are acquiring a new eye trouble from looking at flashy objects such as yellow heads."

And the old boy is so serious about it that he threatens to have a law passed. And he may put it over. Nothing in the line of reform seems impossible.

If this bird has his way we won't have a musical show once in five years, and as to the pictures, taps for them.

How shall we get along without Nora

Bayes, Marion Davies, Billie Burke, Ada Mae Weeks, Francine Larrimore, Margaret Lawrence, Marilyn Miller, and—but what's the use of making the situation more unbearable by mentioning more names?

There was once a producer who tried to put on a musical show without blondes. His present address is Park Bench No. 67. Another tried to put on a musical show without brunettes. His address is at the next bench. The fact of the matter is that we can't get along without either of them.

And if the scientist does deport all blondes, what will be the result? Our male population will be reduced one-half.

Fifty per cent. of the men will follow them wherever they go.

Famous Want Ads of History

WANTED—More worlds to conquer. Results guaranteed.—*Alexander.*

TO LET—Garden of Eden, with apple orchard, live stock, and all immodest conveniences. Original tenants broke their lease and were evicted. Excellent opportunity.—*Sir Pent & Co.*

TRY my complexion cream to eradicate wrinkles and lukewarm lovers. It will make you beautiful overnight. Why go to Paris when you can make Paris come to you?—*Helen of Troy.*

YOUR FUNERAL will not be complete without one of our vaults. They will outlast all other monuments. Why return to dust when you can hang around a few thousand years as a mummy, and maybe land in a museum some day? Apply in person before it is too late.—*Ptolemy Bros.*

TO EXCHANGE—Slightly used but otherwise perfectly good kingdom, for a horse.—*Richard III.*

RESERVATIONS on the ark are now being made. Exclusive, firstclass passage; married couples only but not children. Keep dry and enjoy the flood from our deck.—*Noah, Inc.*

EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT of lies, to be disposed of at a bargain. In accordance with our practice, we set aside a complete kit of prevarications for the use of every person on earth. Most peo-

ple use up their entire kit in the course of life, and have none to turn back at the end of the journey. We have just one complete set on hand, the former property of George Washington. Marked down for quick sale.—*Ananias & Co., Wholesale Fibbers.*

HOW TO BE FAMOUS—AND WHERE

IN New York—Back a musical comedy.

In Boston—Back a new thought.

In Philadelphia—Back a mattress.

In Baltimore—Back an oyster school.

In Pittsburgh—Invent a soot-proof stogie.

In Chicago—Invent a loot-proof safe.

In Los Angeles—Dine with a movie star.

In New Jersey—Dine with a retired brewer.

In Sing Sing—Dine with a retired banker.

48th Street Theatre East of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

**THE OUTSTANDING HIT
OF THE SEASON**

The BROKEN WING

SEE THE CRASHING AEROPLANE

The Climax of Choreography, As It Were



Miss Ruth Page
and Mr. Adolph
Bolm in the Bolm
Ballet Intime

And Mr. Bolm in
a dance of his
own creation,
"Suggestion
Diabolique." He
looks like a big
bug



A Hero for a Minute

THERE was a look of sadness on her pretty face. She sat on the park bench, her hands idly clasped in her lap, and her gaze resting on the endless stream of passing motor cars. She did not seem to be waiting for anyone, and she did not appear restless.

And yet there was something in her eyes which challenged the close observer, and hinted at some latent emotion unexpressed.

Officer O'Reilly, who had strolled back and forth past her several times, being favorably impressed by the turn of her slim ankle and not at all loathe to make his own path of duty as pleasant as possible, became suddenly aware of that look of sadness.

It was not as though she consciously conveyed it to him, as his gaze momentarily caught hers. She seemed far too remote, too abstracted for that. And yet there was the slightest possible sign of distress, and Officer O'Reilly, naturally sympathetic, felt a tug at his heart-strings.

He swung his club contemplatively, and retraced his steps. The moment for action had not yet arrived, but he realized that it was imminent. And it would not be said of him that he was found wanting in an emergency.

The sunlight slanted through the trees and cast a halo about the graceful seated figure. A late afternoon breeze swept lazily across the park, and stirred her soft hair, as it escaped from beneath her turban.

The girl sighed, and pressed her hand against her side.

Officer O'Reilly, swinging around the circle for the fourth time, quite forgot to allow himself the harmless thrill of any further glimpses of the slim ankle.

There are moments when an officer of the law

By Carroll Everett

risks above the law—even above the law of nature.

Officer O'Reilly approached the girl. He did not know exactly what he was going to do, and yet he felt that action was imperative.

Was the girl desperate? Was she on the point of some rash deed? What had been her past, and why was she devoting the afternoon to a listless contemplation of swiftly speeding machines?

Perhaps there was someone whom she meant to repay. There was a hint of desperation in her eyes now. O'Reilly looked sharply at the handbag in her lap. It might very well be the hiding place of a tiny revolver—large enough to sweep her into eternity. Or did she intend to use it on the man?

As if in answer to the officer's inward questionings, the girl suddenly reached within the bag, and withdrew something that glistened in the sunlight.

For an instant Officer O'Reilly thought it was a revolver, and then he realized it was something even worse.

"Great heavens—poison!" he gasped.

He was at the girl's side in a leap, and just as she raised the tiny vial to her lips, he struck her arm. The glass splintered to the pavement in a thousand pieces.

"The saints preserve ye, Miss," breathed O'Reilly. "But not—that! No man is worth it—no man on earth."

The girl gave him one look.

"Say, how do you get that way?" she demanded. "Ain't it legal for a lady to use her smelling salts in a public park? Say, I had too much hooch last night,

and believe me, I feel rocky enough without you horn-ing in."

Officer O'Reilly moved on.

"I might 'a known a dame with an ankle like that ain't likely to want to shuffle off," he muttered.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

MY husband's gifts to me
Have lately been appalling.
I scent a mystery—
My husband's gifts to me—
Some jade—who can it be?
The thought of her is gall-ing!
My husband's gifts to me
Have lately been appalling.

When Americans visit European cities, they hire a guide; but when they visit New York, they let their conscience be their guide.

The difference between a cause and an effect is the difference between a chorus girl and an easy mark.

Favorites In the "Two-A-Day"

Dixie O'Neil



Olga Petrova



*White
Studio*



Kitty Watson

*Nettie
Emerson*



Jazz Philosophy

LOVELY June is the affinity of the Blushing Bride. The two go together like green apples and cramps. They are coupled in the public betting like pork-and-beans and are as inseparable as the Eighteenth Amendment and home brew. The bride knows that June is the finest month in the year—that's why she selects it for the inaugural date of her matrimonial term.

She wants to be sure of one spell of fine weather before the voyage becomes as rough as the bouncer in a movie underworld drama and as unreliable as the friendship of an irritated hyena.

Before the Glad Event she is the star of the headline act of Bride & Groom in the annual Human Follies. Her name is in lights, her face shoves the Crime Wave off the front page, Old Kid Publicity slips her more spotlight than Caruso, Jack Dempsey, Man O'War and the Flu could extract in their multiplied existences and her name is a current buy-word—for her guests and the lowly groom. If attention was power she could toss Strangler Lewis and the Woolworth building farther than John D. can visualize a dollar bill with a Lick telescope.

And before she takes her matrimonial throne she delivers her ultimatum and president's message, telling the world what she will do and won't, while her friends fondly gaze at the happy bride and cry "bravo" or "Attakid," as the groom gets about as much attention as

By W. R. Hoefer

an economy bill in Congress. She defines her policies and outlines her programme while he feels as out of place as a time-table in Sing Sing.

No wonder she's a blushing bride. Look what she gets away with.

But, oh, sweet sister, after the inauguration! She becomes a wife instead of a bride, wears a dust cap and a worried look in place of her veil and queenly air of authority, cancels her order of a mansion on the Avenue, with eighteen bath rooms and a drove of servants and signs a lease for a four-room apartment on the "L" with a folding bed room, crabby neighbors, a non-toil janitor and a five flight walk-up. Her sceptre of power becomes about as useful as a plumber's helper, and she finds she can order the ice and groceries and everything about the house except Friend Husband. When she accepted the nomination he was always the con in their pro and con discussions, with about as much authority as there is in a glass of legal brew. But after she's held office a while she finds her throne is near the kitchen stove with the erstwhile innocuous groom the power behind the throne.

The Immortal Bard was right. All the world is a stage. And the Blushing Bride gets the spotlight. But, alas, the Wife is something else again. In June they sing, "Here Comes The Bride," and cry aloud, "Isn't she lovely." And in January they say, "There goes the wife," and add, "How did she get that way?"

THE LIMIT!

AL WOODS, it is announced, intends to make Chicago instead of New York the producing center for his new plays. The reason for the change, we are informed, is because he has found Chicago audiences less *blasé* than New York ones.

But when it comes to that—

Boston audiences are less *blasé* than Chicago audiences.

And Cleveland is less *blasé* than Boston.

And Baltimore than Cleveland.

And Philadelphia than Baltimore.

And St. Louis than Philadelphia.

And Topeka than St. Louis.

And Denver than Topeka.

And Des Moines than Denver.

And Little Rock than Des Moines.

And Kalamazoo, Mich., than Little Rock.

And Paducah, Ky., than Kalamazoo.

And Pataskala, O., than Paducah.

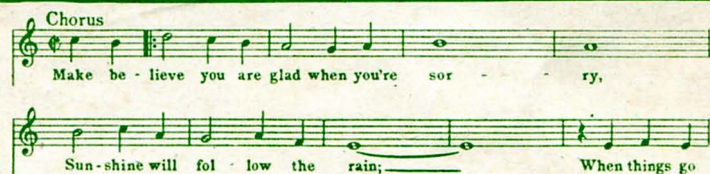
Therefore, to be perfectly logical, Mr. Woods should really make Pataskala his producing center. It would be a wonderful place to put on "Ladies' Night."

The audience wouldn't be the least bit *blasé*. In fact, it probably wouldn't know the meaning of the word.

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